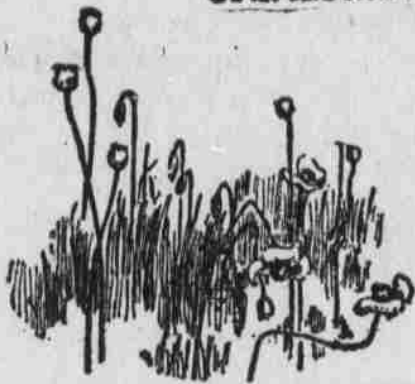


Six lilies turned to the west,  
In a garden fair,  
And the south wind sowed in a fest  
Some poppies there.  
Down came a storm of hail  
In ruthless showers,  
And the sun looked wan and pale  
For love of the flowers.

And when the sky grew bright,  
He beamed and smiled—  
As a fond father might  
On a stricken child.

The lilies, like stately dames,  
Stood still and cold;  
But the poppies lay like flames  
On the dark brown mould.



## SIDELIGHTS IN CONGRESS

### Anecdotes Related of and by the Gathered Statesmen at Washington

Judge Bartlett of Georgia, illustrating the way in which the Hill currency bill was framed, told the story of how the master and his former slave settled up after the war. The old slave was farming on shares. At the end of the season he was settling up for his provisions, implements and supplies. The master took down a big book and showed the darky the debits and credits.

"Now, you understand, Mose, don't you," he asked, "your share is small, but everything is plain?"

"Yas, sir, des as plain as day," answered the old darky, looking at the columns of figures, "des as plain as day—"

"Nought is a nought,  
Figger is a figger.  
All for de white man  
And none for de nigger."

"That's the way it is with the Hill bill," said Dr. Bartlett.

"Nought is a nought,  
Figger is a figger.  
All for the banks,  
And nothing for the government."

When Representative "Birdie" Adams of Pennsylvania was making his impassioned plea in the House a day or two ago demanding the whipping post for wife beaters in the District of Columbia, a group of members discussed the orator.

"You wouldn't think," said one of them, "that Adams is the man who, single handed and alone, declared war on Spain."

"Who says so?" asked a new member.

"He says so himself," the other replied, and he got the congressional directory and read from the biography prepared by Adams himself these lines:

"In the Fifty-fifth Congress, as acting chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, Mr. Adams reported, conducted through the House, and had charge of (in conference with the senate) the Cuban resolutions, and drafted, introduced, reported, and passed through the House of Representatives, in one hour, the declaration of war against Spain."

After the New Year's reception at the White House, one of the younger members of the diplomatic corps called on Secretary Hay to say that he was called to Chicago for a few days.

Laughingly he wanted to know of the secretary if he might draw for money in the event that he should go broke while seeing the stock yards out west.

At the time the two were standing close to a window that was open to let in the delicious afternoon air, which was refreshing, though a trifle warm. The sun was just coming out from a bank of clouds. The weather was as spring-like as it has been for some days.

"Ah, if this weather keeps up," replied Mr. Hay, "blackberries will soon be ripe, and you then can pick your way back home."

"The meanest man I ever knew," said Representative Ryan of Buffalo, "was a chap who one night came to the house of a doctor, who is trying to build up a practice on the east side in Buffalo, during the Christmas holidays. It was snowing and very cold."

"Doctor," he said, "what are your terms?"

"One dollar for an office visit and \$2 for a call," the doctor replied.

"Have you a horse?"

"Yes."

"Well, hitch up and I'll go along with you. I need you out in West Seneca a ways."

"The doctor had his horse brought around and the man got in the buggy with him. They drove about four miles out into the country."

"Here's the place," said the man, as they reached a farmhouse. Then he handed the doctor \$2.

"You needn't go in," he said. "A liveryman wanted to charge me \$5 to bring me out here, but I thought I would rather give you \$2."

Former Senator Henry G. Davis of West Virginia, recently Democratic candidate for the vice presidency, called on the president to pay his respects. The president greeted Mr. Davis cordially, saying:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Davis. Walk right into my office. You are entitled to precedence over all others."

The president and Mr. Davis had a pleasant chat about matters of mutual personal interest.

There were two senators and two representatives at luncheon at Har-

vey's. One of the senators ordered cold roast beef, potato salad and a mug of ale.

The beef was slow in coming. The senator grew impatient. Finally he hailed the ponderous George Harvey, who has fed all the famous men in the country for the past forty years. "Harvey," said he, querulously, "I ordered cold roast beef fifteen minutes ago."

"Good gracious!" Harvey replied; "I must see about that. It ought to be cold by this time."

### "PUSS" GOT A SCALDING.

Humorous to the Audience But Painful to Actor.

O. E. Lennon, one of the noted "animal actors" of England, has some interesting stories to tell of his experiences on the stage. Seeing an advertisement for a man to play the Spider in "The Silver King" young Lennon wrote to the manager offering his services. Of course, he had heard of the popular melodrama, but having no idea of the character of Capt. Skinner, he explained that he had just made a success as a cat in pantomime, and felt "perfectly sure he could act a spider to everybody's satisfaction."

Apropos of cats at Christmas, Mr. Lennon has a vivid recollection of introducing a most realistic and painful—from his own point of view—piece of acting into "Dick Whittington," at the old Adelphi, London, some years ago. One of the comedians had to carry a tub of hot water onto the stage. The property man, determined that there should be plenty of steam, heated it to boiling point. The comedian, believing it to be only comfortably warm, purposely tipped half pint over the cat as he ran past. The children in the audience shrieked with laughter, and when the poor puss, severely scalded, executed a frenzied dance round the stage all the grown-ups joined in. Mr. Lennon was the only person who could not see the joke.

### That Rising Inflection.

She needn't be handsome, she needn't be witty,  
She needn't be filled with the arts of the city;  
She needs only one thing to pass my inspection;  
Her remarks mustn't end with a rising inflection.

If you ne'er knew a maiden with this affectation,  
Stop reading this, turn to your own rumination!  
But, ah, if you've met her, you'll fathom the reason  
I hold her a girl that's not fitting to freeze on!

For a sentence or two, say, you don't find the question  
Concluding each statement too hard for digestion.  
But when for an hour the same thing continues,  
It gets every nerve in your bone and your sinews!

You feel like a witness a lawyer's been quizzing  
In the box for five hours; and there's something a-sizzling  
In ear and in brain when you're ready to leave her  
Suggesting you're taken with quinine and fever!

And when in the hallway "good night" you are saying,  
A speedy escape from the agony praying,  
"Good night!" she replies, the inflection adorning,  
Suggesting a doubt if it's night and not morning!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Why They Moved On.

Two Irishmen, evidently laborers with a day off, were peering through the iron fence into Trinity churchyard the other morning. They were on the Broadway side where the big skyscraper under erection overhangs the quiet of the graves.

A concealed steam pipe runs out from the foundation excavations, and with a hissing, sizzling sound lets out the steam in such a way that the vapor seems to rise from the earth and curl cloudily around the monuments. All this must have visualized something to one of the laborers. Half fascinated, he turned to his companion and said:

"We'll be lavin' here, Mike. There's minny a cheerfuller soight nor that f'r a man as sets off dinnymite blasts f'r his livin'."—New York Sun.

## HER BLOOD TOO THIN

### GENERAL DEBILITY RESULTS FROM IMPOVERISHED BLOOD.

The Remedy That Makes New Blood Banishes Weakness, Headaches, Indigestion and Nervous Troubles.

Hundreds of women suffer from headaches, dizziness, restlessness, languor and timidity. Few realize that their misery all comes from the bad state of their blood. They take one thing for their head, another for their stomach, a third for their nerves, and yet all the while it is simply their poor blood that is the cause of their discomfort.

If one sure remedy for making good, rich blood were used every one of their distressing ailments would disappear, as they did in the case of Mrs. Ella F. Stone, who had been ailing for years and was completely run down before she realized the nature of her trouble.

"For several years," said Mrs. Stone, "I suffered from general debility. It began about 1896 with indigestion, nervousness and steady headaches. Up to 1900 I hadn't been able to find any relief from this condition. I was then very thin and bloodless. An enthusiastic friend, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to give them a trial and I finally bought a box.

"I did not notice any marked change from the use of the first box, but I determined to give them a fair trial and I kept on. When I had finished the second box I could see very decided signs of improvement in my condition. I began to feel better all over and to have hopes of a complete cure.

"I used in all eight or ten boxes, and when I stopped I had got back my regular weight and a good healthy color and the gain has lasted. I can eat what I please without discomfort. My nervousness is entirely gone, and, while I had constant headaches before, I very rarely have one now. I cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to women who suffer as I did."

Mrs. Stone was seen at her pretty home in Lakewood, R. I., where, as the result of her experience, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are very popular. These famous pills are sold by all druggists. A book that every woman needs is published by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. It is entitled "Plain Talks to Women," and will be sent free on request.

The man who can't get a seat in a street car can usually find one when he goes skating.

### A Well Deserved Tribute.

The awarding of the Grand Prize to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., at the St. Louis Exposition, confers upon this company the highest mark of distinction attained by any manufacturer of guns or ammunition in the world. Although a great number of medals were given to this class of manufacturers, the only award of a Grand Prize was to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; and given as it was in competition with the leading manufacturers of all countries, it testifies in a most decided way to the superiority of Winchester rifles, shotguns and ammunition over all other makes. The success attained by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. at this exposition is simply in line with the honors received in the past. At the Paris Exposition, Winchester arms and ammunition received the Grand Prix; and wherever they have been exhibited they have always been given the highest possible prizes. This latest recognition of superiority is the natural result of thirty years of careful and successful endeavor in maintaining the high quality of Winchester rifles, shotguns and ammunition.

The accident of birth carries no insurance with it.

## TEA

We choose to sell tea; and it goes from Alaska to Mexico.

It's the tea!

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

The right man in the right place often adds to the number of the sheriff's boarders.

\$38.00 per M. Lewis' "Single Binder," straight 5c cigar, costs the dealer some more than other 5c cigars, but the higher price enables this factory to use higher grade tobacco. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The shorter a man is of brains the longer he is on collars.

Barber—Hair Cut? Colonel Baldun—Really, you flatter me.